

The Evening World's Kiddie Klub Korner

Conducted by Eleanor Schorer

Woodland Wonder Tales

By Cousin Eleanor

No. 53—Slim's Guilty Conscience.

MR. PORCUPINE is a boorish fellow. Slim thought so anyway as he sat in the top of the tree and listened to the moans of the sleeper. And Slim was right. Mr. Porcupine had few enemies, no friends and what was worse, he did not seem to wish any. Slim reflected that he had never seen Mr. Porcupine romping and frolicking like the other animals. Even Mr. Tip-Tail Fox whose slyness and craft and large appetite have made him the enemy of most woodland dwellers—even he can get along with some. Mr. Tip-Tail Fox and Mr. Woodchuck get along amicably when fortune throws them together. They can, and often do, share the same home in comfort. But who could live with a creature who grunted when awake and snored when he slept. Slim decided that he, for one, could not.

The little beech tree which Mr. Porcupine and Slim had both climbed was so slender that the Robber Rascal could scarcely scramble down the trunk without getting stuck by Mr. Porcupine's sharp quills. And to get mixed up with Mr. Porcupine meant the end of Slim. Should some of the spiked spines get caught in his skin it was likely that little by little they would wiggle their way in and until they had reached his quick-beating little heart and stop its thumping forever. Slim did not know exactly what might happen to him if he kept too close company with the prickly Mr. Porcupine but to do so was dangerous and he hesitated to disturb this odd beast.

Slim was a young squirrel, he was only a year and one month old. He had not had all the experiences that can come to one in the woods. Encounter with Mr. Tip-Tail Fox and Mr. Woodchuck were new to him. The porcupine was one thing he had missed up to now. So how could he know that almost nothing in the world could disturb Mr. Porcupine's sleep? He could not imagine that he chose to jump to the ground that Mr. Porcupine would not so much as uncurl his lazy self to see what happened? Not knowing, Slim was marooned in the tree top until it should please the prickly Mr. Porcupine to unroll himself and travel on.

But if the truth must be told it was not so much Mr. Porcupine and his prickly spines that kept Slim marooned. It was Slim's own guilty conscience, yes it was. If, prickly Mr. Porcupine had climbed into Slim's own house tree when that young red squirrel was going about his business in the proper way things would have been different. Then Slim would have scolded and screeched at the intruder and gotten into an awful rage. It is doubtful if Mr. Porcupine would have gotten elsewhere. Most likely he would have paid no attention to Slim and Slim's temper, but just the same the woodland would have been a different place. Slim was marooned in the tree tops and all the neighbors would have heard the fuss.

But Slim had been disturbed plundering Billy Bright's storehouse. Billy Bright was one of the richest of the woodland and that hole must hide a treasure trove. So Slim sat still in the top of the tree listening to the snoring of Mr. Porcupine without uttering a word of protest.

TO-DAY'S BEST STORY.

THE BOY WHO PLAYED FAIR.

BUD looked at the smashed runner of his new sled. "That's another of Bob's tricks," he said angrily, and picking up the useless sled, he started for home.

As he rounded the corner he saw his enemy just ahead of him with his sled. At Bud was wondering how he could get even with Bob, he saw him enter a store carelessly leaving his sled in the middle of the street. Bob's shining racer was the very picture of a dashing team of frightened horses.

"It serves him right," said Bud to himself but immediately his mother's words came ringing in his ears. "Bud, always play fair." Quickly yielding to the better thought he rushed up and pushed the sled off the road just as the team of horses came by.

Bob saw the whole scene. He came up, his face scarlet with shame. "Say, Bud, how can you ever forgive me for that mean little trick I played on you?"

"For forgetting it and being friends," replied Bud heartily. "Let's shake!" and the hands of the two boys met in a strong friendly grasp.

By LILLIAN OLSON, age fourteen, Dunton, L. I.

MAY.

When the flowers bloom in May, All the little children say: "Let us gather these flowers gay, And make a pretty, big bouquet." By LILIAN KING, age eight, Paterson, N. J.

May Contest.

Subject: A Night's Dream. Ten awards of \$1 each will be given to the Kiddie Klub members, ages four to sixteen, who submit the best story in the best story in "A Night's Dream."

Essays must not exceed 150 words. The work must be original and the contestant must not accept help from others.

Write NAME, AGE, ADDRESSES and CERTIFICATE NUMBER distinctly. Address N. Y. Evening World Kiddie Klub, No. 64 Park Row, New York City.

Contest closes Friday, May 27.

HOW TO JOIN THE CLUB AND OBTAIN YOUR PIN.

By joining the club you will receive a pin, and a copy of the club rules. Send your name, age, address and certificate number to the Kiddie Klub, No. 64 Park Row, New York City. All children up to sixteen years of age may join. Send your pin to the club and you will receive a copy of the club rules. Send your name, age, address and certificate number to the Kiddie Klub, No. 64 Park Row, New York City.

COUPON 776.

WHAT YOU SHOULD WEAR WHEN AND WHERE

My Dear Jade Color Hats Are Quite the Thing!

By Mildred Lodewick

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Dame Fashion has always been known to be fickle and contradictory, but did you ever see more of this latter quality expressed than at present? Right as warm weather enters in, and the straw hats she made us wear in February are beginning to feel comfortable, she offers us hats of felt! To be sure she makes them of gay colors, quite different from those we wear in the fall, and she introduces new and fascinating touches that stamp them as distinctly "up to the minute," so that they quite naturally intrigue one. These hats are not of the dressy type and are intended for street and sport wear, but at this in-between season when formality is passing into informality, one sees them worn not only with suits on the avenue, but with afternoon frocks at tea. I saw one in a beautiful jade color trimmed with a straight quill and a black patent leather which were thrust downward through the upturned brim.

This chic little hat added snap to some of the black Canton crepe frocks. Another felt hat worn at tea the other day by a bobbed hair miss clad all in green, was of gray exactly matching, and trimmed with blue cubist flowers that were buttoned on to one side of the crown, with green yarn. Did you know that jade was also a modish medium for hats? In white it is very pretty, in fact is employed on dresses as well as hats, usually black dresses, to achieve the popular black and white combination. One very pretty exploitation of it I noted on a matron whose black gown had its sleeves and side seams accented with two-inch bands of jade.

Which was perforated in a bold and very open pattern to reveal considerable of the black underneath.

But to return to white kid hats, I saw an adorable one that was hand-painted with tiny figures and cubist flowers that resembled the patterns of some of the popular frockies.

Black patent leather bound the edges. Speaking of hand painting, have you seen the new chiffon negligees that are elaborated by this method? It is an ideal suggestion for any one who is handy with the brush, and the most artistic results can be obtained at a very small cost. One especially pretty model I saw in a group of imported things, was of lilac chiffon embellished with huge clusters of roses painted pink, with very little help. I emphasized the wire, as I have seen a number of these negligees with a piece of twine for the main support. All went fine until the vines commenced growing and this added to a good rain and wind storm, finished the job. A trellis is a fine thing if well made. If you can't make it that way, plant bushes and you will save yourself a whole lot of work later on in the season.

Remember that when the beans start to grow and bear fruit they will represent some weight.

Be sure and make the main support vine, and then drop a heavy piece of twine to each vine as it starts to grow, and they will climb right up with very little help. I emphasized the wire, as I have seen a number of these negligees with a piece of twine for the main support. All went fine until the vines commenced growing and this added to a good rain and wind storm, finished the job. A trellis is a fine thing if well made. If you can't make it that way, plant bushes and you will save yourself a whole lot of work later on in the season.

Break up the crust. The rains of the past few days have made garden work almost impossible. Keep out of the garden in wet weather or you will have it as hard as a cement sidewalk, especially if your soil is not sandy.

After the rain comes the sunshine. Sounds fine in a song, but spells work for the gardener. When the sun hits the saturated soil it dries it out and makes a veritable "mud pie" out of it. To get best results, and in some cases, to get any results at all, you must break that crust and restore the soil to its former friable condition.

Sprouting seeds can't fare through it, and more mature plants can't do their best until the soil is in good shape around it.

Keep your soil in good condition and half your garden troubles are solved.

BLOOD SPOTS. I have had several inquiries the last few weeks concerning blood spots in eggs. "Are the eggs unfit for use?" No. "What causes them?" White leghorns that have gone through a heavy laying season seem to lay more eggs with blood spots than the other breeds. As it has been caused by a rupture of a blood vessel in the ovum, I believe if you will observe your birds closely you will find that one or two birds are laying all of your blood spot eggs, and if you can take them out of your flock you won't have any trouble.

It's nothing serious for the bird or for us. Of course a blood spot egg is not very tempting looking, but there's absolutely nothing wrong with it. If you are in doubt if an egg is bad, don't LOOK, just SMELL, that tells the story.

PEPPERS IN POOR PLACES. Every crop has its own requirements and the nearer these requirements are met the better the results will naturally be. Peppers are plants that do very well on a poor but well drained soil. More peppers are "killed" by care than by neglect. If you plant your plants in a rich part of your garden you will have fine healthy looking plants, bushy green and all of that, BUT the blossoms fall off and the plant bears little if any fruit, while the plant in soil and light more moderate bears a sturdy little bush that bears more peppers than leaves.

Add phosphate will help peppers tolerate the soil. Scatter about a half handful around the plant and hoe it in. Then you will get peppers rather than leaves.

NURSES THANK MRS. SCHIFF. New Building a Miracle They Had Dreamed Of.

Two hundred nurses from the visiting nurse staff of the Henry Street Settlement in the Y. W. C. A. auditorium, No. 410 Lexington Avenue, yesterday drafted a letter of thanks to Mrs. Jacob Schiff in appreciation of her gift of \$200,000 to build a central administration building for the nurses. In the letter the nurses said:

"The new central administration building is a miracle we have dreamed of. After years of restless wandering up and down New York with waste of time and energy and effort you cannot imagine what it will mean to us purely from the point of view of efficiency to have a place of our own."

Evening gown with simple waist and shoulder straps. Many flounces.

Pleasant note waist with wide blouse with full sleeves and ruffled collar. Covered by over-skirt with stenciled design.

Dear Miss Lodewick: I have a jade green evening frock which is a bit heavy in color for me so thought to add some flowers. White looks pretty, also cloth of gold, and violet, as does pink, so I am asking you to decide which to use. Am twenty years of age, have brown hair, blue eyes, fair skin and slight color.

Miss N. I think of silver would be pretty, with pink slippers and stockings, but I think an shaded rose at the side of the belt with a few buds trailing down the skirt stems would be most becoming.

Dear Miss Lodewick: Will you please advise me whether foulard is used at all this year, and if the how could I make up a dress from 4 yards of dark blue and white? I am thirty years of age, quite stout, weighing 145 pounds, and 5 ft. 3 in. tall.

MRS. S. T. Answer—Yes, foulard is used for many distinctive frocks. You did not state whether the blue or white was dominant in your skirt, but it could be made in a simple way that would become you by applying an inch and a half wide fold on back of dark blue, and a similar fold on front, and a wide fold on the skirt. Then between these folds on the sides three rows of dark blue fringe could be applied. Fringe could also finish the skirt sleeves, and the neck, either finished plain, with a dark blue band, or a tiny lace collar.

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GLIMPSES INTO NEW YORK SHOPS

BY EMILIE HOFFMAN

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THE organdy hats certainly look cool and promise to be a popular headgear when the warm days arrive. Those in the color crossbar, with self trimming, are very attractive. A favorite adornment for the organdy hat is the flowers of the same fabric. These flowers are also used for trimming the skirts and bodices of organdy dresses. Women buy one-eighty yard strips of organdy in some plain color and in the art goods department purchase the stems, leaves, stems and rubber tissue for covering the stems, and then they make the organdy flowers for the hats and dresses. In some of the accessories, these articles are now being featured.

The wide ribbon sashes that looked so pretty on the last season's gowns are being carried over and we shall see many bright sashes tied in huge bows at the sides of the front just as they have been worn right along. These were especially noticed on the lace gowns for dressy wear.

Striking color effects and several fashion modes have disappeared from the neckwear displays. In the new line of summer collars, gilets, etc., softness seems to be the keynote. Frilly effects are prominent. Even the stiff organdy collars have frills that give the desired softness. Veats are made up of the soft Canton crepe and are greatly favored.

These are shown in the shops in a variety of colors. The woman of moderate means can have one of these at eight cents. The frilled collar is merely gathered closely at the ends to form a narrow ruff to which is attached a silk tassel.

The tongue is a prominent feature in the new footgear. It is both large and fancy, because it is really intended to give the dressy effect to the shoe. A pair of plain black kid pumps have an enormous tongue slashed in an open-work design. A pair in black suede have large fan-shaped tongues embroidered in steel heads. A black satin pump has a large tongue in colonial effect, which is set off by a huge headed buckle filled in with satin. Sometimes the tongue is covered with lace or two straps. Quite the latest idea is the tongue that is sold separately and can be worn with any shoe. It is adjusted over the instep by the strap which passes through the center of the tongue. This style of tongue is slashed at top and bottom and gives a dressy tone to the oxford. Then there is the fringed patent leather tongue with fancy perforations, that can be fastened in the

French Frocks of Striking Patterns

Tangerine and white.

It's a Real Ocean Suit," She Says With a Smile

HERE'S THE ANSWER BY MILDRED LODEWICK

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Mademoiselle of Monte Carlo

A Mystery of To-Day

By William J. E. Queux

While these stories are trying to solve the mystery of his father's death, by whom will he be left a large sum of money, provided he marries Louise Benton, the latter's parents being a mystery, he and his friend, Walter Bond, visit the Camp Monte Carlo, where they recognize a beautiful woman, known as Mademoiselle of Monte Carlo, whom he believes has knowledge of his father's death. He follows her to her home, and as she is about to reveal facts in regard to her father's death, he is forced through the window and she falls to the floor. He thinks she is dead, but upon arrival of the doctor he learns she is still alive, although the wound in her head is very serious. The police come upon the scene, and it is only by a miracle that she is saved. What was happening when the shot was fired, which he does without disclosing the reason for his visit and is at once suspected of the shooting. Arrested by the police, he is taken to the police station at Monte Carlo to be investigated.

CHAPTER IV. (Continued.)

"HAVE the police been against?"

"No, M'cier. Nobody has been," was the reply.

So Hugh rang off and crossed the hall, little dreaming that the well-to-do Frenchman had been highly interested in his questions.

Half an hour later he went along to the Metropole where he had an engagement to lunch with Doris and another.

When they met, however, Lady Ranscomb exclaimed:

"Why, Hugh, you look very pale. What's the matter?"

"Oh, nothing," he laughed forcedly. "I'm not very bright to-day. I think it was the stress of yesterday that has upset me a little."

Then, while they were seated at table, Doris suddenly exclaimed:

"Oh! do you know, mother, that young French lady, yonder, whose name I don't know, has just told me something. There's a whisper that my mysterious woman, Mademoiselle of Monte Carlo, was shot during the night of a dance here."

"Shot!" exclaimed Lady Ranscomb. "Dear me! How very dreadful. What really happened?"

"I don't know," Miss Jacomet was told by her husband, who heard it in the morning.

"How terrible!" remarked Hugh, striving to control his emotions.

"Yes. But women of her class invariably come to a bad end," remarked the widow. "How pleased I am, Doris, that you never spoke to her. She's a most dreadful person, they say."

"Well, she evidently knows how to sell money at a table, mother," said the girl, lifting her clear blue eyes to those of her lover.

"Yes. But I wonder what the scandal is all about," said the widow of the great engineer.

"Oh! don't trouble to inquire, Lady Ranscomb," Hugh hastened to remark. "One hears scandal on every street in Monte Carlo."

"Yes, I suppose so," replied the elder woman, and then the subject dropped.

So the ugly affair was being rumored. It caused Hugh a good deal of apprehension, for he feared that his name would be associated with that of the mysterious Mademoiselle. Evidently one of the other servants at the Villa Amette had been indiscreet.

At that moment, in his private room, the youngest of the three sons of Monsieur de Montecarlo, who was carefully perusing a dossier of official papers which had been brought to him by the architect.

Between the two of them was a long, thin Swiss case—his favorite smoking case—and with his gold-rimmed pipe not poked upon his quinine nose he was reading a dossier of papers which had been brought to him by the architect.

It was headed: "Republique Française. Département de Herault. Préfecture de Montpellier. Bureau de l'Inspection de Police. Référence N° 2017-B." and was dated nearly a year before.

It commenced:

"A copy of our information in the archives of the Prefecture of the Department of Herault concerning the woman Marie Mignot, nee Leulier, now known under the name of Yvonne Ferat and living at the Villa Amette at Monte Carlo."

A young man in question was born in 1884 at No. 4 Rue des Ecluses, in Montpellier, and was the daughter of one Dr. Rigaud, a noted gynecologist of the Faculty of Medicine and Surgeon of the University Library. At the age of seventeen, after her father's death, she became a school teacher at a small school in the Rue Moreau, and at nineteen married Charles Leulier, a good-looking young accountant who posed as being well off but who was, in reality, a member of a gang of dangerous thieves who committed robberies in the European express trains.

"This fact was unknown to the girl, therefore at first all went smoothly until the wife discovered the truth, and left him. She then joined the chorus of a revue at the Jardin de Paris, where she met a well-to-do Englishman named Bryant. The pair went to England, where she married him and they resided in the County of Northampton. Six months later Bryant died, leaving her a large sum of money. In the meantime Leulier had been arrested by the Italian police for a daring robbery with violence in a train traveling between Milan and Turin, and being sentenced to ten years on the penal island of Gonfalon.

His wife, hearing of this from an Englishman named Houghton, who though she was unaware of it, was following the same profession as her husband, returned to France. She visited her apartment in Paris, and afterwards played at Monte Carlo, where she won a considerable sum, with the proceeds of which she purchased the Villa Amette, which she now occupies each season.

Extracts of reports concerning Marie Leulier, alias Yvonne Ferat, are herewith appended.

Criminal Investigation Department, New Scotland Yard, London to the Prefecture of Police, Paris, May 15, 1919. A furnished house at Hove near Brighton, in June, 1918. Afterward moved to Worthing and to Exeter and later took a house in the County of Devon near Exeter. She was accompanied by an Italian man-servant named Castaldi. Her conduct was suspicious, though she was undoubtedly possessed of considerable means. She was often seen at the best restaurants with various male acquaintances, more especially with a man named Kenworthy. Her association with this person, and with another man named Percy Stendall was curious, as both men were habitual criminals and had served several terms of penal servitude each.

It is agreed, however, that some mystery surrounds this woman in question. She left London quite suddenly, but left no debts behind. Information from the Borough Police Office, Worthing, to the Prefecture of Police, Department of Herault.

Miss Yvonne Ferat had been identified by the photograph as having lived in Worthing in December, 1918. She rented a small furnished house facing the sea, and was accompanied by an Italian man-servant and a French maid. Her movements were distinctly mysterious. A serious fracas occurred at the house on the evening of Dec. 18, 1918. A middle-aged gentleman, whose name is unknown, called there about seven o'clock and a violent quarrel ensued between the lady and her visitor, the latter being very seriously assaulted by the Italian. The constable on duty was called in, but the visitor refused to prosecute, and after having his injuries attended to by a doctor, left for London.

"Three days later Mademoiselle disappeared from Worthing. It is believed by the Chief Constable that the woman is of the criminal class."

Then Charles Ogier, Inspector of the detective police of Monaco, smiled, laid down his cigar and took up another and even more interesting document.

CHAPTER V. On the Hog's Back.

THREE days later. On a cold afternoon just as the wintry light was fading a tall, dark, middle-aged, rather handsome man with black hair and moustache, and wearing a well-cut dark gray overcoat and green velvet hat, alighted from the train at the way-side station of Wandborough, in Surrey, and inquired of the porter the way to Shapley Manor.

"Shapley, sir? Why, take the road there yonder, up the hill till you get to the main road which runs along the Hog's Back from Guildford to Farnborough. When you get on the main road turn sharp to the left, past the old toll-gate, and you'll find the Manor on the left in among a big clump of trees."

"How far?"

"About a mile, sir."

"Thank you, only passenger who had alighted, slipped sideways into the man's hand, buttoned his coat and started off to walk in the direction indicated. As he did so he muttered to himself:

"I was an infernal fool not to have come down in a car. But Molly has the telephone, so I can ring up for a car to fetch me, which is a consolation, after all."

Having reached the high road he went along for another half mile until he came to the clump of dark trees, and then he turned to the right, and drove to a large but somewhat unattractive Georgian house of red brick with long square windows.

A young lady who brought a young man-servant, whom she addressed as Arthur, and wishing him good afternoon asked if Mrs. Bond were at home.

"Yes, sir," was the reply.

"Good, good!" said the caller. "Just tell her I'm here."

The servant passed along the corridor and entering the drawing room, announced:

"Mr. Benton is here, Madame."

"Oh! Mr. Benton! Show him in!" cried his mistress enthusiastically.

Next moment the caller entered the fine, old-fashioned room where a well-preserved, fair-haired woman of about forty years of age, with her hair and eyes as blue as the sea, was sitting and looking at the clock.

"Well, Charles? So you've discovered me," she exclaimed, jumping up and taking her visitor by the hand.

"Yes, Molly. And you seem to have very comfortable quarters," laughed Benton, as he threw himself unconcernedly into a chintz covered armchair.

"They are, I assure you."

"And I suppose you're quite a great lady in those parts—eh?—now that you've left Shapley Manor. Where's Louise?"

"She went up to town this morning. She won't be back till after dinner."

"Good. Then we can have a chat. I've several things to consult you about and ask your opinion."

"Have some tea first," urged his hostess, pouring him some into a Crown Derby.

"Well," he commenced. "I think you've done quite well to take this place for three years. You are now safely out of the way. The Parisians are making very diligent inquiries, but the Surrey Constabulary will never identify you with the lady of the house. So you are quite safe here."

"Are you sure of that, Charles?" she asked, fixing her big gray eyes upon him.